

Bloomfield Gazette.

WM. P. LYON, A. M., CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

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FORTNIGHTLY.

FIVE CENTS.

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Bloomfield Gazette.
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A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

[Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.]

SECOND STAGE.

After moving on in this fashion about three weeks, making about twenty miles a day, it became certain we could not reach the head of navigation, Olean Point, in our present conveyances. Regrets were unavoidable—repentance useless. We could not go back. We could not go forward, nor could we remain where we were. Some change must be made. At one of our stopping places, a shrewd, designing man saw our trouble, and resolved to make our necessity his opportunity. He proposed to buy the double team and take us to Angelica in a sleigh. In our strait, my father was an easy victim. The man could not give the whole value in cash, but he had a fine gold watch, which would be the same as money. To help us in our time of need, he would give him a certain sum of money, and take the gold watch at his own valuation, and take us to Angelica. The offer was accepted.

The coach and beautiful grays were no longer ours, and we were soon skimming over the ground in an open sleigh. The light wagon followed on as best it could. It was now the last of February, and, just as we had got nicely started on runners, the snow began to melt and wear down, so that the carriage would have gone well, and we had to pick our way to avoid bare spots. In this sleigh we crossed the Genesee river three times in one day on the ice, when it was so near breaking up that the water flowed over the top. The venturesome, reckless driver ran his horses across at the risk of our lives, but, by the blessing of God, we reached our destination without injury. Angelica is in Alleghany Co., and forty miles from Olean Point. The roads in that region were nearly impassable while the snow was going off and the frost coming out of the ground. We were forced to remain here six weeks for the ground to dry, to buy a few articles of furniture, and to meet daily expenses, till money could be drawn on the contract.

The climate did not agree with Northern people, and as summer approached, a number of the family took sick with fevers. My mother, on whom much depended, kept her bed five weeks. Every day seemed to bring new discouragements. We were in a slave State, and the people, who were haughty and imperious, made us feel it. There were many poor, jaded out families, moneyless, spiritless, and some of them shiftless, passing down the river, taking up a temporary residence here. They all looked alike to those proud Virginians. The term "Yankee" was to them the synonym of all that was despotic and mean. They regarded them without discrimination, much as do the Irish at Castle Garden. Our painful experience at this place makes me feel sympathy and compassion for foreigners in a strange land. I know the heart of a stranger, and I know that real excellence and moral worth may be concealed beneath a ragged coat, or a faded dress.

When the roads became good, he hired a man to take us on to Olean Point. Here we took another step downward. We had lived in part of a house in Angelica: now we must go into a shanty. All the emigrants did. There was a village of them, full of people waiting for boats to be built. Boatmen was a good business. Through all these losses, dangers, and discouragements, my father kept up his courage. He did not relent. He felt rich with such a good wife and ten smart children to help him in the new country, and a gold watch in his pocket.

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Notwithstanding all our humiliating experiences, and the condition we were then in, we had not lost a particle of our New England dignity, aristocracy, and I must add pride. We held up our heads. We really, though foolishly, felt ourselves superior to our neighbors of the shanties. It seemed well enough for them, but for us to live so was incongruous.

In two weeks our boat was ready, our clothes all clean and provisions laid in. We embarked alone—no pilot. The Alleghany river here is full of sand-bars, shoals, rocks and snags. We made our way around, and through as best we could, till we reached Kittanning, Pa., where we stopped and took a room to wash and bake. This was the age of back-logs and fore-sticks. There was no means of hanging a vessel over the fire to heat water in, it was of necessity set upon a strong fore-stick. Now we were to be taken down—our pride humbled. All unseen, the fore-stick had burned away. My oldest brother, whom we all revered on account of his education, having been taken from an institution of learning to accompany the family, stood with his back to the fire, when the stick gave way and the kettle of boiling water came down on one of his legs. He had on long stockings, gartered at the knee. When in our perturbation and fright at hearing his terrible screams, we at last removed the garter and turned off the stocking, the skin came off with it. It was a distressing sight. Neighbors were soon on hand with their surgical prescriptions. One kind, well-meaning

woman said—"An Injun meal poultice was the best thing she ever heard on for a burn—would take the fire right out on it." So she made one, and, without a cloth between, applied it to the raw flesh. His torture was now past endurance. He screamed and writhed and groaned and begged to have it removed. The good woman insisted that it was the best remedy; but my mother thought otherwise and relieved him, applying her own specifics. That coarse meal was imbedded in the flesh, and at length healed into the skin, and was visible for years after.

This occurrence detained us three weeks instead of two or three days as we intended. He was carried to the boat, and we again proceeded down the river, hoping soon to see the shores of Ohio. This detention had made large drafts on our funds. Now the watch came into requisition. It must be sold. It was offered for sale at a town where we landed, but what was my father's disappointment to find it was pinchbeck and worth very little! What with bad bargains, unexpected delays, unthought-of expenses, the crying of freezing children, the groans and contortions of the scalded one, and last of all the sight of his *pinchbeck gold* repeater, my father's ardor was somewhat abated. The recollection of what he had possessed, had sacrificed—left—lost; the state he had brought his family into, and the sad, patient, enduring deportment of my mother, outweighed his anticipations of Western prosperity. Indeed we all began to think it would be through great tribulation that we should enter this terrestrial heaven.

When we arrived at Wheeling, Va., want of funds again compelled us to stop. It was at the time that the great National Turnpike across the Allegheny Mountains was being constructed; and hearing that money could be made by taking contracts, my father rented a house, and with little delay secured a contract, and was soon at work with his men on the road. Here we were obliged to part with some of our dry goods to buy a few articles of furniture, and to meet daily expenses, till money could be drawn on the contract.

The climate did not agree with Northern people, and as summer approached, a number of the family took sick with fevers. My mother, on whom much depended, kept her bed five weeks. Every day seemed to bring new discouragements. We were in a slave State, and the people, who were haughty and imperious, made us feel it. There were many poor, jaded out families, moneyless, spiritless, and some of them shiftless, passing down the river, taking up a temporary residence here. They all looked alike to those proud Virginians. The term "Yankee" was to them the synonym of all that was despotic and mean. They regarded them without discrimination, much as do the Irish at Castle Garden. Our painful experience at this place makes me feel sympathy and compassion for foreigners in a strange land. I know the heart of a stranger, and I know that real excellence and moral worth may be concealed beneath a ragged coat, or a faded dress.

During the twenty months we spent here, we had an opportunity to see some of the aspects of slavery. A number of shocking cases of cruelty and even brutalities occurred which I could narrate had I time and space.

It was at Wheeling, in 1818, that we first heard of a Sabbath-school. Two Christian gentlemen were canvassing for scholars, and came to our house and invited us to attend.

After we had been there three or four Sabbaths, I, being about fifteen, and grown up, the superintendent asked me to take a class, which I did. This is all the instruction I ever received in Sunday-schools as a pupil. The entering this school was the first step up from our state of humiliation. It wish seemed well enough for them, but for us to live so was incongruous.

In two weeks our boat was ready, our clothes all clean and provisions laid in. We embarked alone—no pilot. The Alleghany river here is full of sand-bars, shoals, rocks and snags.

We made our way around, and through as best we could, till we reached Kittanning, Pa., where we stopped and took a room to wash and bake. This was the age of back-logs and fore-sticks. There was no means of hanging a vessel over the fire to heat water in, it was of necessity set upon a strong fore-stick. Now we were to be taken down—our pride humbled. All unseen, the fore-stick had burned away. My oldest brother, whom we all revered on account of his education, having been taken from an institution of learning to accompany the family, stood with his back to the fire, when the stick gave way and the kettle of boiling water came down on one of his legs. He had on long stockings, gartered at the knee. When in our perturbation and fright at hearing his terrible screams, we at last removed the garter and turned off the stocking, the skin came off with it. It was a distressing sight. Neighbors were soon on hand with their surgical prescriptions. One kind, well-meaning

woman said—"An Injun meal poultice was the best thing she ever heard on for a burn—would take the fire right out on it." So she made one, and, without a cloth between, applied it to the raw flesh. His torture was now past endurance. He screamed and writhed and groaned and begged to have it removed. The good woman insisted that it was the best remedy; but my mother thought otherwise and relieved him, applying her own specifics. That coarse meal was imbedded in the flesh, and at length healed into the skin, and was visible for years after.

We were fond of game. Where could we find some wild honey? Our sugar was out. Where were the "custard apples"? We would like a pie. It was very easy for that man at the mill to say to my father "Just take your gun on your shoulder and go out an' shoot a wild hog," but we had no gun, and besides, we were gravely told that every hog in the woods was owned and marked, and any man would be prosecuted who should shoot one. The wild honey was miles away *somewhere* in the woods. We named for the panpan, and the very hogs wouldn't eat them. This was the closing scene of the drama. We bowed ourselves off the stage, and went soberly to work to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow, like other people, "clothed and in our right mind."

This was another step in an upward direction. There was plenty of remunerative work, and here was a sensible, industrious family to do it; and at the end of five years money enough had been saved to buy a town lot, on which my father built a comfortable house.

The town was first settled by the French, and they were still there in considerable numbers. The character and spirit of the people here were the antipodes of the Virginians. They were polite, genial, generous, appreciative, and accessible. It may be supposed that, in our desultory condition, we descended to the lower stratum of society. That does not follow. Our mother's maxim was, "Good company, or none." She taught us that poverty need not necessarily bring disgrace. "Let us keep quiet," she would say, "and take observations. Don't be in a hurry to make acquaintances. We can live by ourselves awhile. If low and unworthy persons seek our company, we will treat them with civility—nothing more, and never return their attentions, and they will soon cease to trouble us." We acted on this principle, and he will now look over his log book and see what he can find worth launching on the world.

Thus thinks the old commander, who after sailing on life's ocean for many years, is forced to moon in a safe harbor and lay up for repairs, and feels he will never be sea-worthy again. So he will now look over his log book and see what he can find worth launching on the world. He will call all hands and square the yards, and with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, bear away for some fairy isle of the Pacific.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE MARTYR.
A scene in the Isle of Nurua (Marquesas).

BY THE OLD COMMODORE.

Lie's like a ship in constant motion.

Sometimes high and sometimes low,

Every one must leave its ocean,

Whichever wave may blow.

Thus thinks the old commander, who after sailing on life's ocean for many years, is forced to moon in a safe harbor and lay up for repairs, and feels he will never be sea-worthy again. So he will now look over his log book and see what he can find worth launching on the world.

He will call all hands and square the yards, and with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, bear away for some fairy isle of the Pacific.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE MARTYR.

A scene in the Isle of Nurua (Marquesas).

There is no spot in this wide world, where

nature is so glorious, the skies so serene, or the

ocean so smiling and calm as the sunny world of

the Polynesia. It was on a beautiful morn, after

a pleasant cruise of six months, we dropped our

anchor in Santa Maria bay. After getting all

secure, we hastened to be once more on terra

firma, and now the old commander will spin his

yarn.

The bay to the north of Santa Maria bay is

called "Towr," the natives of which are con-

stantly at war with the Santa Maria's; they

are a wild, savage, Cannibal race, and display

the greatest cruelty when they make any capture;

when any fall in their hands they are put to

death and eat. A scene of this kind happened

as we were laying in this bay. Four young

maiden, who had wandered too far from their

homes, were seized and carried off by the Towr

Cannibals: according to their laws they were

to die on the morrow. I resolved to witness this

scene of barbarism and cruelty, and do what

laid in my power to ransom them. I proceeded

over the mountain with a few of my shipmates

well armed, and was soon on the *Tobod* ground,

a place held sacred for such purposes. I saw

the innocent young victims sitting on the ground

bound for the sacrifice. The King and chiefs

were a distance off conversing and giving orders.

I went to him and spoke of ransoming them; he

expressed a willingness as far as he was con-

cerned, for he had mingled considerably with the

white people, and had some faint instincts of

mercy in his heart, but he had not the power,

his people were so much under the influence of

the gods, that naught could dissuade them.

I offered him, likewise my shipmates, a liberal

present, for our hearts bled for the innocent

young children before us, but of no avail.

Presently the wild drum sounded and the Cannibals

rushed to their work of death. I gazed on the

young victims, no murmur escaped them, they

knew their fate—the torture commenced, their

cry of "Manou, manou, pany, wite, wite,"

"My God, come quickly," only came from their

lips. I thought how strong the poor

heathen's faith was in his god in such a trying

hour, and how much stronger should our faith be

in that hour to lean on a Saviour.

These young martyrs believed in their god, the Christian

believes in his. Will it not be more tolerable in